

Dobell : cat 154/673

# I R E N E:

Carmen Historicum.

Ad præhonorabilem

Vicecomitem BOYLE:

A U T H O R E

JOHANNE LAWSON, S.T.P.

QUOD RECENSUIT

GULIELIMUS DUNKIN, S.T.P.

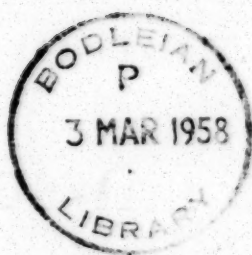
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D U B L I N I:

Typis FAULKNERIANIS, in *Vico-Essex.*  
M,DCC,LX.

V&C.A5 e. 2684



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**I R E N E:**

**A N**

**Historical Poem;**

Addressed to the Right Honourable

**Lord Viscount BOYLE.**

Written Originally by

**JOHN LAWSON, D. D.**

Revised and Translated by

**WILLIAM DUNKIN, D. D.**

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**D U B L I N:**

Printed by **GEORGE FAULKNER**, in *Essex-street*,

**M.DCC.LX.**

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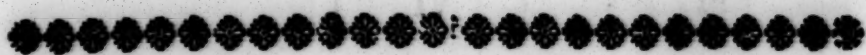
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FRANCISCUM ANDREWS, L. L. D.  
COLLEGII.

Sacrofanctæ et individuæ Trinitatis Re-  
ginæ ELIZABETHÆ juxta *Dublin*, Præ-  
positum.

CARMEN hoc historicum amici,  
nuper defuncti, auctius, et, uti  
spero, limatius quam initio prodie-  
rat, unâ cum metaphrasi nostrâ in  
vestram, vir cultissime, clientelam  
trado, quod quidem munus, diutius  
modo vixisset, ipse multo felicius obi-  
ret; quippe qui fœcundissimo versa-  
tilique ingenio, ac judicii perspicacis

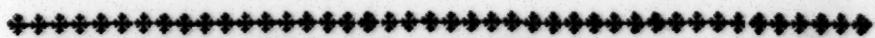
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T O

Doct<sup>r</sup> FRANCIS ANDREWS,  
PROVOST of the COLLEGE  
OF THE

Most Holy and Undivided Trinity of  
Queen ELIZABETH, near *Dublin*.



(Translated by JAMES DUNKIN, A. B.)



**I** Deliver up into your Protection,  
most accomplished Sir, this Historical Poem of our lately deceased Friend,  
more enlarged, and, as I hope, more  
correct, than it first appeared in Print,  
together with my Translation, which  
Office, indeed, had he but lived longer,  
he himself would have much more hap-  
pily discharged, especially, as he had  
united to the most fruitful and pliable  
Genius, and Poignancy of quick-  
fought

acumini multiplicis eruditionis infinitam prope copiam adjunxerat.

IN lucem ille suum edidit opus, veluti supremum, aſt immaturum periturae muſæ legatum, neque per tædium valetudinis, indies ingraveſcentis, reſpicere, nedum ad umbilicum perducere valuit.

• COMPOSITAM vero Maronis majestatem, et ardentem Homeri spiritum sæpe tum verbis, tum ſententiis expreſſit : Neque paucis offendetur maculis, quæ eludere ſum conatus, veſtræ candor æquanimiſſitatis, ubi plura nitent in Carmine.

OPTIMI ſcriptorum judices plerumque ſunt leniſſimi ſimul, et fautores maximi, quoque altius ipſi ad honores eveſti ſunt, eo latius arrident inferioribus, qui rei-

fighted Judgment, an almost infinite Fund of various Learning.

HE published this Performance, as it were, the last, but immature Bequest of an expiring Muse, nor was he through the Languor of his Health, daily declining, capable of Revising, much less of giving it the finishing Touches.

HOWEVER, he hath often transfused both into his Expressions and Sentiments the sedate Majesty of *Virgil*, and fiery Spirit of *Homer*, nor will the Candour of your Justice take Offence at a few Blemishes, which I have endeavoured to reform, when those Blemishes are over-balanced by a Multitude of shining Beauties.

THE most accurate Judges of Writings are generally the mildest Critics, and at the same Time the greatest Encouragers,

publicæ literariæ suis laboribus quidquam aut utilitatis, aut voluptatis attulerint.

SOL, quem vates mundi nuncupant oculum, dum cuncta perstringit lumine, calore nihilominus fovet; abditis terrarum visceribus in regum decora gemmas, aurumque in gentium commercia coquit, hibernoque tanquam somno fruges in humanæ vitæ sustentamen elicit.

Tu pari ratione Matris almæ proles haud degener liberales artes et scientias veterno tandem excitasti; juventutem academicam per asperas

cruditionis

couragers, and by how much more elevated their Stations are, by so much more diffuse is their Favour to their Inferiors, who, by their Labours, may have contributed aught either of Improvement, or Entertainment to the Common Wealth of Letters.

THE Sun, whom the Poets call the World's Eye, whilst he pierces all Things with his Light, equally cherishes them with his Heat ; he ripens Gems in the secret Bowels of the Earth for the Decorations of Kings, and Gold for the Commerce of Nations, and awakes, as it were, from its Wintry Sleep Corn for the Sustenance of Human Life.

In like Manner have you, the genuine Offspring of our *Alma Mater*, at length roused from their Lethargy the liberal Arts, and Sciences : You have conducted our Academical Youth,  
accustomed

eruditionis ambages, summo non sine nixu, seroque sudoris fructu, prius evagari consuetam, breviori nec non et amœniori tramite ad studiorum duxisti metam; uti jam liceat sacros fontes, nec limo turbatos, haurire; rosasque gratiarum, nec spinis horrentes, carpere: Pientissimam regiam erga majestatem, fidelibus vestris gnaviter interpositis officiis, academiam integerrimi principis liberalitate remunitam auxisti; Minervæ pugiles, MADDENI jam pridem munificentia succensos, in famæ palæstram honestissimis impulisti stimulis, forumque bonarum literarum constituisti pulcherrimum, quodque brevi talibus sub auspiciis auguror fore celeberrimum atque frequentissimum.

PERGE,

accustomed formerly to wander through the rugged Mazes of Erudition, not without the most painful Struggles, and late Fruit of their tedious Toil, by a shorter and more pleasant Path to the Goal of their Studies ; so that now they may quaff the Sacred Fountains, undisturbed with Mud, and pluck the Roses of the Graces, unattended with thorny Difficulties. You have by the most vigorous Interposition of your faithful Offices enriched a College, remarkable for its dutiful Attachment to Royal Majesty, re-enforced by the Bounty of a Prince, most eminent for his Integrity : You have spirited up by the most honourable Incentives the Champions of *Minerva*, long since inflamed by the Munificence of a MADDEN, into the Lists of Fame, and established a most amiable Mart of excellent Literature, and which, under such Auspices, I foresee, will soon become the most celebrated and frequented.

PRO-

PERGE, vir spectatissime, fausto, quo  
cœpisti, pede ; diuque Musarum domi-  
cilio, cui præsides, communi sis tutelæ  
pariter et ornamēto.

INTEREA, qua dignari soles humanita-  
te qua benevolentia, quaque benigni-  
tate scriptorem, iisdem hosce conatus,  
utcunque debiles, honeste saltem in-  
tentos, excipe ; meque omnino tibi,  
vestræque societati crede plurimis tum  
publicis, tum privatis nominibus addic-  
tum, penitusque devinctum.

PRO-

PROCEED, most respected Sir, in the same happy Track, in which you have commenced, and may you long approve yourself the common Guardian, as well as Ornament of that Mansion of the Muses, over which you preside.

IN the mean Time receive these Essays, however feeble, at least well intended, with the same Humanity, the same Benevolence, and the same Kindness, with which you are wont to honour their Author, and believe me to remain on very many public, and private Accounts altogether devoted, and thoroughly bound to you, and your Society.

I R E N E.

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I R E N E:  
CARMEN HISTORICUM.

**R**OMANOS dum musa modos alienaque  
tentat  
Regna, tremens dubio passu sub luce malignâ,  
Heu! proucul altisoni numeros imitata maronis,  
Aeriæ comitemque viæ, lumenque laboris  
Te, Boylæe, vocat; te non ignota revistit,  
Quæ, primis admota annis mentique tenellæ,  
Pieridum nitidos puerum te duxit in hortos.  
Ergo adsis, dum veris honos, et blanda voluptas,  
Crescentis vitæ callem tibi floribus ornans,  
Ridet adhuc, mentisque calor fert otia passim  
Grata quidem levibus, sed amœnis fallere nugis:  
His favet ipsa, sagax munito numine, Pallas,  
Atque monet juvenes altis proludere cœptis  
Sensim affurgentes. Teque, ecce! volubilis ætas  
Ad majora rapit: Sapientûm evolvere scripta,  
Græcia quos peperit, quos artibus inclyta Roma,  
Nec minor his, Britonum, Phœbo carissima, tellus:  
Hinc regere eloquio populos sanctumque senatum,  
Et

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I R E N E:  
An Historical Poem.

**I**N *Roman* Measures while the trembling Muse  
Through foreign Climes her doubtful Pace  
pursues,  
Tracing in vain beneath malignant Rays  
Majestic *Maro's* ever-living Lays,  
She thee invokes with artless Voice, Oh *Boyle!*  
To grace her Numbers, and attend her Toil;  
Thee she revisits, not an alien Guest,  
The faithful Guardian of thy tender Breast,  
In early Dawn who led thee to the Shades,  
And cultur'd Gardens of the tuneful Maids.  
Come then, while vernal Youth exerts her Pow'rs,  
And strows the Path of growing Life with Flow'rs  
Gay-Smiling, licenc'd to deceive the Time  
With Trifles light, embellish'd yet with Rhime:  
*Pallas* herself, severely Sage, invites  
Her soaring Sons by such prolusive Flights  
To loftier Efforts. Lo! the rolling Years  
Impell thee to revolve the letter'd Seers  
Of *Greece* and *Rome*, renown'd for Arts divine,  
Nor yet less dear to *Phæbus* and the nine

*Britannia's.*

Et leges munire sacras, ac jura tueri,  
 Concilioque gravi patriam fulcire labantem,  
 Atque novum claræ poteris decus addere genti.  
 Iamque ingens aperitur opus, campusque patet:

Tu quoque florenti jam nunc grateris alumno,  
 Alma parens: illum noster labor imbre rigavit  
 Castalio viridem, et Phœbeâ lampade fotum  
 Finxit, et hunc tecum saltem partitur honorem.

JAM Scythiæ linquens hyemes, camposque  
 perenni

Constrictos glacie, folique impervia regna,  
 Gens effræna virûm vastabat cladibus orbem  
 Attonitum. Non perpetuis juga cana pruinis,  
 Murorumque moræ, rapidos non æquora cursus  
 Oppositæve acies sistunt. Orientis ab oris,  
 Occiduum ad Phœbum, qua littora Bosphorus  
 urget

Affiduo fremitu, dirâ cum strage procella  
 Intonat. Euxini fluctus et Caspia regna,  
 Caucasiz rupes, vastique tremunt juga Tauri:  
 It supplex rutilas volvens Pactolus arenas.

QUINETIAM

*Britania's* Lore: Hence may thy Tongue, supply'd  
With Eloquence, the People rule, and guide  
The sacred Senate ! hence with solid Weight  
Of temper'd Counsel prop a sinking State,  
Assert her Laws, her Liberties with Grace,  
And add new Glories to thy noble Race.  
And now behold the mighty Work begun,  
And Prospect fair ! congratulate thy Son,  
Parent of Arts. Yet verdant as he grew,  
My Labour bath'd him with Castalian Dew,  
Confirm'd him, cherish'd by thy *Pæan's* Rays,  
And claims at least this Portion of thy Praise.

DESERTING *Scythian*, wintry Rivers bound  
With Ice eternal, and a dreary Ground,  
Impervious to the Sun, a Savage Brood  
Ravag'd the Globe, and rioted in Blood :  
Not Mountains, hoary with perpetual Frost,  
And Walls oppos'd, not Arms of *Ocean*, tost  
With raging Billows, or the banded Force  
Of adverse Armies intercept their Course  
Resistless, rapid. From *Eöan* Shore,  
To setting *Phæbus*, where with ceaseless Roar  
Indignant *Bosphorus* his Banks deforms,  
The Tempest thunders with repeated Storms:  
Mad *Euxine* surges feel the dreadful Shocks,  
The *Caspian* Kingdoms, huge *Caucasian* Rocks  
And *Taurus* tremble : With submissive flow  
*Pactolus* rolls his golden Tribute flow.

B

MOREOVER

QUINETIAM imperiis tot quondam Græcia  
terras,

Tot populos complexa ruit. Jam regia cingit  
Mœnia victor ovans: tormentis ferrea grando  
Funditur, et celsas quatiunt nova fulmina turre.  
Murorum solidâ tandem compage solutâ,  
Ingreditur, captâque ferox dominatur in urbe  
Hostis: inhorrentes ferro flammante, catervæ  
Hinc atque hinc ruunt, et late funera spirant:  
Ut quondam hyberni, subversis molibus, amnes  
Infremuere fretis, et agros petiere patentes,  
Volventes gregibusque necem, Stabulisqueruinam.  
In summis jam jam vexilla trementia muris  
Auratas pandunt vento diffundere lunas  
Velorum in morem. Collecto robore clausas  
Convellunt portas, et inundant strata viarum  
Milite: tum rapidas jactant ad culmina flammæ;  
Sævit atrox ignis, victorque incendia volvit  
Cum strepitu; cælum et longe maria alta relucet.  
Bacchatur furor hinc, et plena licentia ferro.

Sternitur

**MOREOVER** *Greece*, which spread her vast Do-  
mains

O'er such wide Realms, and held in captive Chains  
So many Nations, ruinous now falls :

The Victor now surrounds the regal Walls  
Of proud *Byzantium*: Whizzing fly the Show'rs  
Of Iron Hail, and shake her lofty Tow'rs.

At length her solid Bulwarks batter'd down,  
The Foe fierce lords it o'er the vanquish'd Town:  
From various Quarters rush the raging Bands,  
Their flaming Faulchions with impetuous Hands  
Wide-wave, and breathe Destruction without  
Bounds :

As wintry Rivers, bursting through their Mounds,  
Roar o'er the Plains, and with redundant Sway  
O'erwhelm whole Flocks, and sweep the Folds  
away.

Their trembling Standards now expand like Sails  
Their gilded Crescents to the sportive Gales,  
High-Streaming o'er the Ramparts: Now they  
bend

Their Force collected, violently rend  
The bolted Gates, and o'er the Pavements wide  
The Streets float murm'ring with a martial Tide.  
Swift Flames they dart to vaulted Roofs; the Fire  
Despotic rages, with Combustion dire  
And crackling Ruin fed ; with wild Amaze  
The Skies and Main reflect the baneful Blaze.

Sternitur infelix populus discrimine nullo ;  
 Infantes sternuntur humi, gliscentibus iris,  
 Infantes, canique patres, castæque puellæ,  
 Et gemitus totâ morientum effunditur urbe.

IPSE Mahummedes, fulgentibus arduus armis,  
 Agmen agit, bello invictus, cæcumque tumultum

Dirigit, exacuens iras, et funera miscet.  
 Hinc luctus gelidusque pavor comitantur euntem,  
 Et Lethum crudele : lavat vestigia sanguis.  
 Nec mora ; regales populatrix turba penates  
 Aggreditur ; rupto æratæ jam cardine valvæ  
 Diffiliunt, temeratique novus loca sacra tumultus.  
 Tum fragor armorum, tum planctus ingeminare  
 Fœminei, mixtæque minæ : ferit æthera clamor.

AT Cæsar, fatis utcunque oppressus iniquis,  
 Cuncta videns amissa et ineluctabile numen,  
 Pugnat adhuc inter primos, et pectora bello  
 Fida, nec indecorem quærens per volnera mor-  
 tem. [moventem

Hunc audentem animis, at adhuc vana arma

Hostis

Hence Fury maddens, and with wanton Sway  
The deathful Blade depopulates its Way :  
Without Remorse the Multitude expires,  
Innoxious Infants, venerable Sires,  
Chast Maidens drop promiscuous to the Ground,  
And Lamentations through the Town resound.

Lo ! *Mabomet* himself aloft array'd  
With shining Arms, in Battle undismay'd,  
Leads on a Band, provokes to furious Deed,  
Directs the Rout, and bids the Carnage bleed.  
Sharp Anguish, frozen Fear and cruel Doom  
Attend : With Glory Tide his Paces fume.  
Nor Pause ensues : rude Violence prevails,  
A wasteful Crowd the Royal Dome assails :  
Heav'd from their Hinges fly the brazen Gates,  
And Tumult strange profanes the sacred Seats :  
The Crash of Armour, mix'd with female Cries,  
And hostile Threatnings, rend the frightened Skies.

BUT *Cæsar* brave, however deep-distrest,  
By sad Reverse of bitter Fortune prest,  
Observing all Resources in his Woe  
Were lost, and Heav'n decreed the fatal Blow,  
Yet fights among the foremost Heros, try'd  
In War, and faithful to the vanquish'd Side,  
Nobly resolves to sacrifice his Breath,  
And rush through Wounds on honourable Death.

Hostis atrox cingit, mediisque in millibus unum  
 Claudit, et eversum sternit : tum multa pedum  
 vis

Infilit, illiditque solo, calcatque, premitque  
 Expirantem animam : non regia celsa gementi  
 Adgemit ; exuperat misto clamore tumultus,  
 Et longe sævas voces vasta atria volvunt :  
 Concidit informi letho ; pariterque vetustum  
 Imperium ruit, et ductum per secula regnum.

INTEREA rapitur, magnâ comitante catervâ,  
 Eximiâ virgo formâ, et florentibus annis,  
 Quam, trepidam dubioque sequentem devia passu,  
 Cum clamore trahunt captam, spolia alma ty-  
 ranno.

Constitit hæc cœtû in medio, sine more fluentes  
 Sparsa comas, lacrymisque genas madefacta de-  
 coras ;

Qualis ubi lucis portas Aurora recludit ;  
 Qua roseos tollit vultus Dea, rore madescunt  
 Punicei flores, gemmataque prata renident.

MIRANTUR taciti proceres, hastasque cohortes  
 Inclinant, densæque inhiant, et singula lustrant.

Insolitam

Him bold of Heart, and wielding Arms in vain,  
Fell Foes attack, and level on the Plain,  
Inclos'd by thousands: Steel'd against Remorse,  
Successive Crowds insult his bleeding Corse  
With spurning Heels, in Dust inglorious roll  
His mangled Limbs, and mock the gasping Soul.  
In vain the Palace would remit his Moans,  
The blended Tumult drowns his dying Groans:  
The vaulted Roofs and spacious Halls rebound  
The long-revolving, ear-afflicting Sound.  
Deform'd he lies, and with him tumble down  
His antient Scepter and imperial Crown.

MEAN while a Maid amid the Throng appears  
Of beauteous Figure, and in blooming Years,  
Whom trembling, wand'ring with Uproar they  
A grateful Booty to their lustful King. [bring,  
With flowing Hair she stood among the Crew,  
The crystal Drops her cherry Cheeks bedew.  
As when *Aurora*, first reveal'd to Sight,  
Unbars the Gates of *Empyrean* Light,  
Where'er the Goddess through the liquid Space  
Displays the Beauties of her rosy Face,  
The purple Flow'rs, be-dropt with dewy Beads,  
Unfold their Sweets, and smile the gemmy Meads.

IN Admiration stand the silent Peers,  
The warlike Bands incline their pointed Spears;  
They

Insolitam speciem ac divinæ munera formæ,  
 Ambrosiasque comas ; teneris rorantia nimbis,  
 Lumina, marmoreumque premens suspiria pec-  
 tus

Spectat inexpletum, subito perculsus amore,  
 Rex Asiæ, figitque avidos in virgine voltus.  
 Tum fari hortatur, quæ sit, quo sanguine creta,  
 Quid petat, ac trepidam verbis solatur amicis.

ILLA diu, ceu nulla foret medicina doloris  
 Infandi, qualis puro de marmore virgo  
 Ficta, filet, fixisque oculis et pectore torpet  
 Decolor. At tandem respirat pectus anhelum;  
 Resplendent oculi radiis, atque ora rubescunt.  
 \* Ac veluti citharam doctus pulsare sonantem,  
 Et liquido cantu suspensas ducere mentes,  
 Protinus haud summâ magicam vim voce resolvit,  
 Dulcia sed tenui flectens modulamina motu,  
 Proludit, furtimque animis illabitur imis :

Talis

\* Qual musico gentil, prima che chiara  
 Altamente la lingua al canto snodi :  
 All' harmonia gli animi d' altrui prepara  
 Con dolci ricercate, in bassi modi :  
 Così costei, che ne la doglia amara  
 Già tutte non oblia l' arti et le frodi ;  
 Fadi sospir breve concerto in prima  
 Per d'ospor l'alalma, in cui le voci imprima.

Tasso Gierus:

Canto 16: Stanza 4.

They crowd a-gape, and trace each finish'd Line,  
Her matchless Graces and her Form divine :  
Her Locks ambrosial, dew-distilling Eyes,  
And marble Bosom, that restrain'd her Sighs,  
The Monarch views, and smit with sudden Flame,  
Intense, insatiate gazes on the Dame :  
He then exhorts the melancholy Fair  
Her Name, her Birth, and Station to declare,  
Demands her Pleasure, and with Accents kind,  
And soft Demeanour sooths her fearful Mind.

As if her Grief admitted of no Cure,  
She, like some Virgin feign'd of marble pure,  
Long mute remains: Her Eyes, as fix'd in Death,  
And Bosom freeze-At length returns her Breath,  
And Bosom beats: her orient Eyes renew  
Their wonted Beams, her Lips their coral-Hue;  
And as a Master of the lenient Lyre,  
Cunning to strike the many-sounding Wire,  
Or lull with vocal Airs the ravish'd Sense,  
And lead attentive Audience in Suspense,  
Begins his Raptures not in highest Key,  
But low-remits the modulated Lay  
With soft Preamble, magical to roll  
With felon Pace, and glide into the Soul :

Such

Talis et hæc artis memor in discrimine tanto,  
Languidulum demissa caput, de pectore longa,  
Ægre tarda trahit suspiria singultanti,  
Et lacrymis faciles aditus ad pectora pandit :  
Circumfusa armis, roseo dein incipit ore,  
Quo magis ætherei splendescit gratia vultus.

O REX! attonitum vasto qui turbine mundum  
Concutis invictus, patriasque ad mœnia lunas  
Erigis, invalidæ saltém miserere puellæ,  
Jam passæ mala dura, et adhuc graviora timentis :  
Non humilis tamen, et plebeio sanguine creta,  
Complector genua illacrymans, at Regibus orta  
Sceptrigeris, quibus hæc olim pulcherrima tellus  
Paruit, exultans meliori Græcia fato.  
Ipse etiam Cæsar, qui funera multa suorum  
Viderat, heu! miser, et miserâ jam sorte peremptus,  
Me matam, caræ genetricis nomine dictam  
Irenen, in spem regni pater optimus alti  
Eduxit : jam vincla ferunt contraria fata,

O patria !

Such she mature, and mindful of her Art,  
In utmost Peril plays the female Part,  
Inclines the languid Head, and after Pause  
A long slow Train of deep-fetch'd Sighs she draws:  
Her Tears, the streaming Harbingers of Woes,  
An easy Passage to his Heart disclose,  
And, thick-encircled with the Gleam of Arms,  
With Siren Tongue she thus endears her Charms.

O KING ! whose Hand appals the peopled  
Ball

With martial Storm, and on *Byzantium's* Wall  
Erects thy native Moons, let Pity plead  
At least in Favour of a feeble Maid,  
A spotless Maid, who lamentably bore  
A Load of ills, yet greater dreads in Store :  
Not low-descended from *Plebeian* Race,  
A weeping Suppliant I thy Knees embrace,  
But sprung from regal Ancestors, who sway'd  
This goodly Land, whom happier *Greece* obey'd,  
Imperial *Cæsar*, who had seen the Doom  
Of many Sons, extinguish'd in their Bloom,  
O sad Reverse of honourable State !  
Ah ! Whetted he, and lopp'd by wretched  
Fate,

Me nam'd *Irene* from my Mother fair,  
His darling Daughter with peculiar Care  
Rear'd to sustain the wide-commanding Reins  
And Scepter,—now converted into Chains.

O Country !

O patria ! O genitor ! domus O per secula terræ  
Regnatrix ! vos templa Dei, demissaque cælo  
Religio ! ergo omnes radice evertit ab ima  
Gens effusa polo, atque æterni numinis ira :  
Me tamen haud lethi facies vibrataque terrent  
Spicula ; descendam læto jam funere ad imos,  
Casta tamen, Manes, et digna parentibus umbra.  
Quin repera hoc gremium, vitamque abrumpe  
morantem.

Sed te per teneros, sensit si pectus, amores,  
Per dulces natos, casti per fœdera lecti,  
Per majorum umbras oro, per quicquid ubique  
est

Sacrati, prohibe infandos a corpore tactus,  
Neu mihi virgineos vis barbara polluat artus.

Hæc ait, et gemitus preffit luctantia verba.  
Stant Proceres, innixi hastis, insuetaque flectit  
Corda dolor ; lacrymæ manant invita per ora.

Non

O Country! Father! Mighty House, whose  
Hand

Through Ages rul'd this fair prolific Land!  
Ye Temples of the Sole Omnipotent,  
And bright Religion from his Mansion sent!  
A *Scythian* Race and Heav'n's avenging Ire  
With total Ruin in your Fall conspire:  
Yet me no Terrors menacing, no Sight  
Of instant Death and pointed Darts affright;  
Joyful shall I the dreary Realms pervade,  
A Virgin Victim and a princely Shade.  
Transfix this Bosom to conclude the Strife,  
And quick curtail the Thread of lagging Life.  
But by thy Loves, if ever, prone to melt,  
Thy tender Breast their soft Emotions felt,  
By the dear Pledges of thy plighted Hands,  
Thy Children, Consort, chaste connubial Bands,  
By those renown'd Progenitors of thine,  
Their Shades, all Sanctions human and divine,  
Guard, I conjure thee, from approaching Shame,  
Nor let Pollution violate this Frame.

SHE spoke, and heaving from her panting  
Breast

Deep Sighs and Groans her stifled Words repress'd.  
Around her Stand the military Peers,  
With dumb Attention resting on their Spears:  
Their

Non eadem Regi facies, non pristina mansit  
Durities; animum species præclara loquentis  
Accendit, majorque afflictæ gratia formæ.  
Tunc olli brevitur: quis te, pulcherrima virgo,  
Læderet, aut castum violaret crimine corpus  
Crudelis? non hæ nobis victoribus iræ:  
Solve metus, neu finge animo nos impia ferre  
Sceptra, et funestis sævos gaudere triumphis.  
Gloria non mendax, non prædæ prava cupido  
Armatus in bella trahunt; ast ardua iussa  
Divini vatis, cælique suprema voluntas,  
Exulet ut vetus impietas, ut fulgeat alte  
Vera fides, magnis ut eat sub legibus orbis.  
Ipse tibi, incensus tantæ virtutis amore,  
Munera magna feram, majoraque regna paternis  
Subjiciam; preme singultus. His demere dictis  
Æger amore studet curas, solvitque timorem.

HANC Selymus, Regis teneras cui cura legendi  
Delicias, et femineæ custodia prædæ  
Credita, deducit mœstam in penetralia celsa  
Latantes inter turbas crepitantiaque arma.

Their Hearts relent with unaccustom'd Woe,  
And down their Cheeks the Tears unwilling flow.  
No more the King his former Aspect wears,  
His harden'd Horrors and imperious Airs,  
Charm'd by the Graces of her sweet Address,  
And Beauty yet more charming in Distress.  
Thus briefly he : What Monster could infest,  
Most beauteous Maid, or stain that vestal Breast  
With touch impure? Victorious as we wage  
Heroic War, we harbour not such Rage :  
Expell thy Fears, nor fancy, that we joy  
In fell Misrule, or triumph to destroy.  
Not Tinsel-Glory, nor the Lust of Prey  
Inflame our Courage, and with Arms array ;  
But our great Prophet's absolute Commands,  
And Heav'n's high Will, to banish from these Lands  
Their impious Rites, that upright Faith may shine  
Aloft, the World obey her Laws divine.  
Ev'n I, transported with thy Virtue rare,  
Shall make that Virtue my peculiar Care,  
Amplly reward, and yield my lovely Maid  
A greater Kingdom, than her Father sway'd :  
Restrain thy Sobs. He love-sick sooths her Ears,  
And with such Accents dissipates her Fears.

HER *Selymus*, appointed to purvey  
The Monarch's Joys, and guard the female Prey,  
Leads to the Palace. sorrowful through Swarms  
Of glad Spectators and the Din of Arms.

The

IMPERII rex inde gravi de pondere, rerum  
Multa movens, pendenſque animo molimina,  
canis

Cum patribus, qua vi poſſet frænare ſuperbas,  
Indomitafque ferire procul formidine gentes,  
Quas bello vaſtare, quibus dare jura ſubactis,  
Conſulit, et regni ſurgentis lubrica firmat.

INTEREA ſummo, jufſu victoris, honore  
Excipitur virgo. Thalamis fulgentibus oſtro,  
Auratis excelfa toris, et murice ſpreto,  
Mœſta jacet : ſculptas onerant convivia menſas  
Nequicquam, vinum gemmato ardeſcit in auro.  
Centum florentes formâ et juvenilibus annis,  
Barbara quas acies, regum de ſtirpe creatas,  
Sedibus abripuit crudeli ſorte paternis,  
Circumſtant agiles nymphæ, blandiſque morantur  
Officiis : fundit dulci pars carmina voce ;  
Pars tremulos docto percurrit pollice pervos,  
Scilicet infixas ut poſſint fallere curas,  
Exuat et ſenſim lentos mens ægra dolores.

*Ipfæ*

THE King with hoary Sires in deep Debate  
Revolving weighs the big Affairs of State,  
Consults what Nations insolent a-far  
With Terror he might strike, or waste with War,  
Whom to subdue, and whom subdu'd with  
Awe  
Hold in Subjection, and restrain with Law ;  
And thus he labours firmly to sustain  
The doubtful Fabric of his rising Reign.

MEAN while the Victor's Orders are obey'd,  
And highest Honours offer'd to the Maid :  
In stately Chambers, bright with *Tyrian* Dies,  
Much in her Mind she ruminating lies,  
Disconsolately sad, with high Disdain :  
Delicious Banquets onerate in vain  
The splendid Boards, adorn'd with figur'd Frames,  
In studded Gold the purple Nectar flames :  
An hundred Nymphs in Beauty's youthful  
Bloom  
Of Royal Race, whom (Vassalage their Doom)  
The Foes, exulting in rapacious Feats,  
Remorseless ravish'd from their native Seats,  
With Eyes observant, and with pliant Hands,  
Officious wait, and court her gay Commands.  
Some roll soft Measures from melodious Throats,  
With tuneful Touch some wake the *Lyric* Notes,  
With sweet Deceit her Troubles to compose,  
And cure her canker'd Mind of gnawing Woes.

Ipse ferox victor, durum cui pectus amore  
Æstuat, assiduis precibus fastidia tendit  
Vincere, nunc supplex votis, nunc leniter urgens  
Blanditiis, nec non promissa ingentia miscet,  
Regalem exponens oculis longo ordine pompam.

QUID potuit virgo infelix? qua rumpere  
tantas

Infidias? qua vi sævis obfistere fatis?  
Hinc regalis honos, menti quoque grata potestas  
Fœmineæ, gestuque decens, et compore forti  
Florescens, clarusque faventi marte tyrannus  
Solicitant: subitâ absterrent prostrata ruinâ  
Inde paterna domus, miseræ sola ipsa superstes  
Reliquiæ, ac tepidi cognato sanguine rivi.

AT natura trahens intus, spes læta, juvenus  
Flexilis, ipsa dies, quæ lenit acerba, labantem  
Evicere animum, fallacisque ardor amoris,  
Dulcis inexpertæ. Qualis flos, imbre gravatus,  
Labitur, et mœstis moriens languescit in hortis:  
At zephyro spirante, levis se tollit ad auras,  
Purpureos pandens læto sub sole colores:

Haud

The Victor fierce, whose flinty Bosom boils  
With glowing Love, renews his anxious Toils,  
And strives to conquer her august Disdain,  
With Vows now suppliant, now with soothing  
    Strain,  
Then adds huge Promises, at length displays  
His princely Pomp, and bids her Wonder gaze.

UNHAPPY Maid ! How could she shun such  
    Baits ?

With what Resolves resist the cruel Fates ?  
Hence Regal State, Dominion unconfin'd,  
For ever grateful to a Female Mind,  
A youthful Prince of manly Port, renown'd  
For dauntless Valour, and with Conquest  
    crown'd,  
Allure her : Thence her House in Ruin low,  
Herself the sole Survivor of it's Woe,  
And Streams yet warm with Kindred Blood  
Aversive Horrors, and Ambition chill. [instill

BUT urging Instinct, Hope, in Prospect gay,  
Soft yielding Youth, Calamity's Allay  
Long-during Time, and Love's fallacious Flame,  
Sweet to the Maiden unexperienc'd Dame,  
Subdu'd her Mind. As loaded sinks a Flow'r,  
And dying languishes beneath a Show'r,  
But, lightly rising with respiring Gales,  
It's blushing Beauties to the Sun reveals :

Haud secus Irene, luctu lacrymisque fugatis,  
Enituit : medios inter regina triumphos  
Incedit, niveam cingens diademate frontem,  
Exultans umbris, titulisque inflata superbis.  
An misera ! immitem teneris amplexibus hostem  
Immemor everſæ patriæ cæſique parentis,  
Ergo foves facilis, fortisque ignara futuræ.

JAM belli vox rauca filet : non ærea cantu  
Accendit tuba terribiles ad prælia turmas ;  
Non undare cruor, non armis fulgere campus ;  
Mœnia non tremere, horribili concuſſa fragore :  
Asper et exutâ molleſcit caſſide miles  
Regis ad exemplum, luxuque effrænis inert  
Lascivit. Viridem pars lente fuſa per herbam,  
Umbriferas inter frondes et murmur aquarum  
Concentuſque avium, longis exhausta periclis,  
Membra fovet, vetiti libans carchesia bacchi,  
Instauratque dapes : Cæco pars volnere fixa  
Haurit amans teneras curas et blanda venena,

Cap-

Such shone *Irene*, such in Charms excell'd,  
Her Tears, her Anguish, and her Grief expell'd:  
Triumphant now she moves a mighty Queen  
With grander Gait and more majestic Mien,  
Her snowy Front with Diadem furrounds,  
Exults in Shadows, and is puff'd with Sounds.  
Ah wretched Consort ! Can thy Bosom glow  
In soft Embraces with a ruthless Foe,  
Forgetful of thy Country's ruin'd State,  
Thy Father slain, and blind to future Fate ?

Now War was hush'd ; no more the brazen  
Of Battle, stings the Military Throng ; [Song  
No longer Gore in livid Torrent Streams,  
Nor wide the Field with polish'd Armour beams;  
Nor solid Walls of close connected Rocks  
Yawn hideous, trembling with convulsive Shocks:  
The Soldier harden'd, and in Perils try'd,  
Now soften'd lays his rigid Shield aside, [maze  
Apes the fond Monarch, and through Pleasure's  
Unbridled roves, and revels at his Ease.  
On verdant Meadows indolently laid,  
In Arbours, cool with interwoven Shade,  
By purling Stream some, circled by the Song  
Of Birds concenting, stretch their Limbs along,  
Fatigu'd with tedious Toil ; forbidden Wine  
They quaff luxuriant, and on Dainties dine :  
Some, lull'd in Love, foment the pleasing Pain,  
Fan the slow Flame, and drink delicious Bane,

Captarum illecebris, et gratâ compede vincta.  
 Qualis ubi rapido belli de fulmine Mavors  
 Pulverulentus adhuc, et fervens cæde recenti,  
 Victus amore, Cyprum quærens Paphiosque re-  
 Cælestes petit amplexus ac dulcia furta. [cessus,  
 Tum belli filuere minæ ; fremit ira pavorque  
 Nequicquam ; infrendet telo mors atra represso,  
 Candidaque effulget lætis pax reddita terris.

SED non longa quies : accendit pristinus ardor  
 Corda virûm, ac turpi pudet indulgisse veterno :  
 Extimulat pietas atrox ; ciet alta priorum  
 Gloria gestorum, simul et satiata libido,  
 Quo magis eniteat pulchro certamine virtus ;  
 Ergo indignantes luxu fregisse vigorem,  
 Quam multi horrifono fervere littore fluctus,  
 Arma fremunt omnes, et mollia vincula rumpunt,

PRÆTEREA volgus non cæco murmure regem,  
 Iratis verum clamoribus atque querelis  
 Incusat, quem turpé levis muliercula victum  
 Indigno tenet amplexu, dum colligit hostis

Entic'd by Beauty, darting Rays around,  
In grateful Fetters to their Captives bound.  
As when desisting from the rapid Gust  
Of dreadful Battle, *Mars* besmear'd with Dust,  
And reeking yet with recent Gore, retreats  
To blooming *Cyprus* and the *Paphian* Seats,  
He yields to Love, with *Cytherea* toys,  
Dissolv'd in Raptures and felonious Joys.  
Then silent sink the Threats of War ; in vain  
Revenge and Terror mutter through the Plain,  
Death gnashes over her unactive Sword,  
And Peace shines gladsome to the World restor'd.

BUT short the Pause ; their antient Ardour  
And Honour loathes to batten in Repose ; [glows,  
Barbarian Piety, the soaring Fame  
Of former Actions, and the galling Shame  
Of fated Lust, re-animate their Hearts  
In fairer Fields to act heroic Parts,  
Incens'd, indignant to have toy'd away  
Their manly Vigour in lascivious Play.  
Thick as vex'd Billows riot o'er the Sands,  
All shout for Arms, and break their filken Bands.

BESIDES the Vulgar, not with secret Sting,  
But open Clamours criminate their King,  
Whom, Shame, O Shame ! a worthless Woman  
                    charms,  
And holds imprison'd in her idle Arms,  
While

Dispersas acies, et bellum sponte minatur.  
Hæc agitant, gliscitque truci violentia turbæ.

SENSERAT insolito misceri cuncta tumultu  
Mustapha, quem claro virtus insignis honore  
Evexit, Regique dedit pollere secundum  
Imperio ; metuens igitur ne serperet ultra  
Tanta mali labes, rapiantque incendia vires,  
Præcipitare moras statuit, regemque requirit :  
Inventum supplex trepido veneratur honore,  
Atque ita sublimem compellat voce tyrannum.

ODECUS heroum ! summi fate sanguine vatis,  
Quem tellus devicta tremit, qua flavus hydaspes  
Gurgite fumanti tepidos secat aureus agros,  
Thræiceas longe ad brumas Hebrumque nivalem,  
Sit fas vera loqui, sinceraque promere dicta,  
Quæ monet officii studiique audacior ardor,  
Asperiora licet ; vestræ res aspera poscunt.

QUICQUID sol oriens lustrat, terras, ubi  
nunquam  
Romani fulsere aquilæ, devicimus armis :

Nunc

While fierce the Foe with recollected Might  
Denounces Vengeance, and provokes the Fight.  
Licentious thus each mutinies aloud,  
And boiling Discord rages through the Croud.

EGREGIOUS *Mustapha*, whose Merit shone,  
High-rais'd, and but inferior to the Throne,  
Perceiv'd the Tumult, which, unheard before,  
Rag'd through the Camp with universal Roar,  
And fearing lest a Pestilence so dire  
Should creep yet wider, and the Flames acquire  
More fatal Force, impatient of Delay,  
Strait to the King precipitates his Way :  
The King he finds, with reverential Fears  
Low bends, and thus accosts his haughty Ears.

O PRIDE of Heroes, in successive Line  
Our mighty Prophet's Progeny divine !  
Dread of that Nation, where with smoking Tides  
*Hydaspes* rich the Subject Fields divides ;  
Whose Empire stretches to the distant Shore  
Of wintry *Thrace* and frozen *Hebrus* hoar,  
Truth let me tell, in Truth sincerely bold,  
The faithful Dictates of my Soul unfold,  
However harsh, which Duty would inspire,  
And your Affairs harsh Medicines require.  
Whatever Lands the rising Sun surveys,  
Where *Roman* Eagles never soar'd to blaze,

Our

Nunc quoque tot ducibus, tot quondam læta  
triumphis,

Græcia vasta cadit, regnique vetusta superbi  
Fumat ad huc sedes, spumatque cruore recenti.  
Unde quies igitur ? Mentis pacatior unde  
Et sopor imbellis ? Cur Martis fulmina cessant ?  
Deterior bello nos luxus fregit. Ad arma,  
En ! iterum excusso densæ torpore catervæ  
Conveniunt, hastasque minaci murmure vibrant,  
Concussisque fremunt clypeis, Regemque re-  
poscunt.

Cur medio, exclamant, languet victoria cursu ?  
Cur torpent dextræ, et cessat Bellona tonare ?  
Et nunc, attoniti repetitis cladibus, hostes  
Exhaustas reparant vires. En ! agmina cogunt,  
Auratasque cruces levibus dant fulgere ventis.  
Quid rex interea, dirâ quem strage cruentum  
Horruerant toties, Græco qui sanguine tinxit  
Flumina, et evertit fumantes fulmine muros ?

Our Arms have humbled: *Greece* renown'd afar  
For Leaders once, the Prodigies of War,  
And tow'ring Triumphs, withers at thy Frown,  
And wrapt in Ruin sinks her antient Town;  
The Seat, where Empire on its Basis stood,  
In Ashes fumes; and foams with tepid Blood.  
Whence then this Quiet? Whence this tame  
Content?

Why sleep the Thunders of our Armament?  
Luxurious Ease, more fell than War, at length  
Hath dash'd our Spirits, and unbrac'd our  
Strength.

But, lo! thick, starting from their stupid Trance,  
Again in Arms the mettled Bands advance,  
Brandish their Spears, with Murmur threatful  
ring

Their hollow Shields, and redemand their King.

“ Why thus, they cry, should Victory, so near,

“ Retreating, languish in her mid Career?

“ Why freeze our Hands? And why *Bellona's*

“ Breath

“ Ceases to sound the dreadful Charge of Death?

“ Now the late broken, profligated Foes

“ Repair the Ruins of their Overthrows:

“ They levy Legions, and expand on high

“ Their gilded Crosses, beaming to the Sky:

“ And what atchieves that Royal Chief, who fell'd

“ Whole Troops? Whose Arms with Horror

“ they beheld?

“ Who



“ Who purpled Streams with *Grecian* Blood,  
“ whose Balls,  
“ Wing’d with red Lightning, overturn’d their  
“ Walls ?  
“ He pines, his Arms to fond Embraces opes,  
“ And blasts the bladed Harvest of our Hopes,  
“ To female Blandishments an abject Slave :  
Are these the Mandates, which our Prophet gave ?  
Play’d thus thy Fathers ? Dost thou thus extend  
The Faith through Perils, and with Arms defend ?  
Arise, shake off the lazy Yoke at last,  
Again conspicuous, as in Trials past,  
Shine forth our Sun : Lo ! many Thousands wield  
Their flashing Blades, and call thee to the Field :  
Broad *Bosphorus* resounds with loud Alarms,  
And Heav’n reflects the Brazen Blaze of Arms.

THE Victor kindled at his Words : he drove  
Quick from his Breast the Lethargy of Love :  
Again the Sense of rising Fame returns,  
He glows for Arms, and all the Hero burns.  
The Warrior-horse, whom pamper’d Ease detains,  
Thus wantons, heedless of his past Campaigns,  
With Fillies, frisking through the joyful Fields:  
But if the clashing of conflicting Shields,  
Or clanging Trumpet martial Heat inspire,  
He pants, re-kindles with his usual Fire,  
Erect his Ears : keen flash his vivid Eyes,  
The neighing Plains reverberate his Cries.

THE

REX breviter : quum lux referârit crastina  
 cælum,  
 Agmina, dic, cœant instructis cuncta manipulis,  
 Atque forum repleant : solium sublime locetur ;  
 Ipse adero, et vanos pellam ratione timores.  
 Dixerat : Ille, avidus tacita dulcedine, magni  
 Imperiosa ducis properans mandata faceffit.

POSTERA cæruleos fluctus Aurora reliquit,  
 Pallidaque emergens extinxit sidera Titan,  
 Quum tuba clara canit : tunc agmina densa  
 coire  
 Cernere erat, justisque forum stipare manipulis,  
 Frænatis in equis inter quos limite longo  
 Ductores volitant, auroque ostroque decori :  
 Pondere terra gemit ; per templa domosque co-  
 ruscant  
 Ænea lux, longoque illustrat fulgure cælum :  
 Mille tremunt vexilla, sinusque ad flamina pan-  
 dunt  
 Purpureos ; curvæ discurrunt aere lunæ.  
 Stat circum instructus miles, pacataque vibrat  
 Tela manu : tremulâ ferrum fatale per auras  
 Luce fluit ; dum turba fremens movet ordine  
 denso.

Qualis

THE Monarch briefly : When To-morrow's  
Dawn,

Reveals the Sky, bid all our Troops be drawn,  
In Files array'd, and fill a spacious Ring,  
A lofty Throne be seated for your King :  
We too shall there be present with our Peers,  
And quell with Reason your ill-founded Fears,  
He said : His Delegate with secret Glee  
Speeds to perform the Monarch's dread Decree.

*AURORA* now forsook her azure Bed,  
Pale from the Sun the faded Planets fled.  
Loud Sounds the Trumpet : You might then  
survey

The thicken'd Troops, in regular Array  
Assembled, fill the spacious Ring : With Gold  
And Purple deck'd, the gallant Leaders bold,  
On bitted Steeds in graceful Order long  
High-mounted, proudly prance, and traverse  
through the Throng ;

Earth groans beneath : Through Domes and  
Temples beams

A brazen Light, and wide the Skies inflames.

A thousand Standards tremble, and display

Their waving Crescents to the Breezes gay.

The Soldier musters on the grand Parade,

And brandishes his late pacific Blade :

The fatal Steel emits a quiv'ring Glance,

In wedgy Ranks the noisy Bands advance:

Qualis ubi primum jubar extulit ætherius sol  
 Mane novo, summum leviter quum flamina  
 stringunt

Oceanum, crispantur aquæ; mox tollitur altum  
 Magna mole furens; albentibus æquora spumis  
 Horrescunt, liquidique tonant ad littora montes.

INCERTI, quæ causa vocat, quidve instet  
 agendum,  
 Suspensis dubitant animis, quæruntque, paventque,  
 Erecti ad strepitus vanos: quin corpore vasto  
 Pulsaque, et impellens obstantes turba vicissim,  
 Fluctuat huc illuc, varioque revolvitur æstu.

AST ubi cum magno Princeps clangore tuba-  
 rum  
 Arduus ingreditur, multoque satellite cinctus;  
 Huc omnes tendunt, oculisque et mentibus hæ-  
 rent.  
 Haud secus alma Ceres, gravidis quæ nutat a-  
 riftis,  
 Collis apricus ubi, aut, felix uligine, campus  
 Semina læta foveat, dum vespertinus oberrat  
 Aër, nec certo variantur cardine venti,

Huc

So when the Bride-groom Sun with radiant Eye  
Bursts from the Chambers of the Matin Sky,  
And gentle Gales o'er Ocean lightly sweep,  
With curling Surface smiles the glassy deep ;  
But soon it swells with mad tumultuous Roar,  
The foaming Billows chafe, and thunder to  
the Shore.

UNCERTAIN they, what urgent Cause had led  
The Forces forth, what Action to be sped,  
Bewilder'd guess, enquire, yet dread to know,  
Rous'd by vain Clamours and a fancy'd Foe.  
Hence waves the Multitude from Side to Side,  
Jostled, and jostling with alternate Tide.

BUT when the Monarch, usher'd by the  
Sound  
Of Trumpets hoarse, and girt with Guards  
around,  
Aloft Approaches, smitten with Amaze,  
All tend to him, on him attentive gaze.  
So where some sunny Hill, or mellow Plain,  
Enrich'd with Ooze, fecundifies the Grain  
Of parent Seed, while Evening Air a-drift  
Floats, and the Winds with doubtful Eddy shift  
To various Points ; boon *Ceres*, nodding low  
With bearded Burden, as the Breezes blow  
Inconstant, wavers with each veering Blast :  
But if keen *Eurus*, *Zephyr* mild at last,

D

Or

Huc levis atque illuc fluitat, qua spiritus urget  
 Mobilis ; at dubio si tandem regnet Olympo  
 Eurusve, Zephyrusve, aut imbribus humidus  
 Auster,

Hæc sequitur facilis victorem; huic aurea culmos  
 Flectit, et unanimi procumbit messe supinâ.

EXCELSUM in medio solium supereminet,  
 amplis

Porrectum spatiis, multoque insternitur ostro:  
 Confidet hic ingens Victor, simul inclyta regum  
 Græcorum soboles, cui splendida murice et  
 auro,

Vestis et insignis gemmarum luce coruscat ;  
 At velo caput abdiderat vultusque decoros.  
 Tum vero cecidit sonus omnis, ut alta filet nox  
 Jam media, et lethi lentos mentita sopores.  
 Horrendus tandem manifestâ voce, tyrannus  
 Surgentem effudit turbati pectoris æstus.

AUDIVI, nec me latuerunt murmura vestra  
 Insanique, viri, questus ; me nempe prioris  
 Oblitum decoris, me, Religionis avitæ  
 Immemorem, fœdo languere cupidine captum.

Scilicet

Or warmer *Auster*, moist with frequent Show'rs,  
Alone exert his elemental Pow'rs,  
The buxom Crop the Regent's breath attends,  
And all its golden Heads obsequious bends.

HIGH in the Center stood a stately Throne  
Extensive, ample, and with purple shone:  
Here sat the Monarch, and the peerless Dame,  
Deriv'd from Kings of long illustrious Name,  
Byzantian Fair, whose flowing Garments blaze  
With Die Sidonian, labour'd Gold and Rays  
Of liquid Gems: but she with modest Grace  
Had veil'd the Beauties of her lovely Face.  
All Noise was hush'd, and mute was ev'ry  
Breath,  
As Midnight dos'd, deep counterfeit of Death:  
Then after pause the Prince aloud express'd  
The rising Tempest of his boiling Breast.

YOUR Murmurs, Warriors, your suspicious  
Fears, .  
And wild Complaints have reach'd my wound-  
ed Ears,  
That I, forgetful of my former Fame,  
Apostate languish with a baser Flame.  
Are these, ungrateful, the Rewards ye bring?  
And is it thus ye recognize your King?

Scilicet hæc merui? me ficcine nostis, iniqua  
Pectora, qui totum laceravi cædibus orbem  
Chriftilicolam, qui tantum everti e sedibus imis  
Imperium? Ecquando me segnem, aut forte  
morantem,

Vel cupidum vitæ, tranquilla actuta sequentem  
Vidistis, dum pugna fuit? Vos testor, ut ultro  
Incendentem alios, medioque in turbine belli  
Pulvere conspersum, multoque cruore rubentem.  
Quis fluvios trannare ferox, quis mœnia primus  
Scandere per densos hostes, per tela, per ignes,  
Stridentesque globos, et sæva tonnitrua ferro,  
Atque triumphantes muris infigere lunas?  
Hæc mea laus, quid enim fileam, quod Græcia,  
quod sol

Testatur, quod adhuc in pectore multa ficatrix?  
Nec quisquam gladio fuit hoc instructor ictu,  
Dextera nec magis hac ditavit Manibus umbras.

CESSAVI,

Me, who have Ruin on Confusion hurl'd,  
And with vast Slaughter rent the Christian World?  
Me, who could such a spreading Empire spurn,  
And from her fix'd Foundations overturn?  
When have ye seen me, while the Battle rag'd,  
Slothful or laggard, where the brave engag'd?  
When basely flying from the sanguine Strife,  
Pursuing Ease and ignominious Life?  
Witness yourselves, with what heroic Might  
I kindled others to the dubious Fight,  
Amid the Whirlwind of the War all o'er  
Defil'd with dusty Clouds, and red with reek-  
ing Gore.

Who dar'd to stem the River's rapid Fall?  
Who first assail'd to scale the lofty Wall,  
Through Darts, through Flames of thick op-  
posing Pow'rs,  
And hissing Balls of Lead, and rending Show'rs  
Of Iron Hail, and on the Ramparts raise  
Our Moon triumphant? This, be this my Praise;  
For why should I the purchas'd Honour shun?  
Why not reveal what *Greece*, what yonder Sun,  
And what more glorious Monuments attest,  
These Wounds, not few, recorded on my Breast?  
Nor bolder Arm than this was known to wield  
The Sword of Action in the martial Field,  
Nor, ever dextrous for the fatal Blow,  
Dispatch'd more spirits to the Shades below.

CESSAVI, fateor ; belli vox rauca parumper  
Conticuit ; dedimus nos corpora fessa quieti.  
Usque adeone pudet post tot discrimina rerum  
Aut animum ludis, aut membra fovere sopore ?  
Nec venit in Mentem, quæ sit fors aspera vitæ  
Mortalis, quam fessa malis, infractaque poscat  
Alternas mens ægra vices ac dulce levamen.

INSUPER audite, atque animis mea figite  
dicta :

Rex sum, non titulos jactans et inania sceptræ ;  
Haud vestrum est igitur scrutari condita Regis  
Pectora, sed tanquam præsentî numine flecti,  
Et voltus horrere sacros, nutusque vereri :  
Obsequiî vobis contingit gloria ; fas est  
Imperii nobis ; lex nobis unica velle.  
Mors premit invitos : qui mûssat, proditor esto.

QUID tamen admisi facinus ? quæ tanta per-  
egi ?

(Ut loquar ex æquo) quid enim ? male cautus  
amabam ;

Esto : novum crimen vos primi fingitis. Ergo  
Rex, juvenis, victor nunquam sine crimine a-  
mabit ?

Nil mos, nil leges, pietas nil tale profantur.

IPSE

I PAUS'D, I grant: The Dissonance of War  
Was hush'd a little, and we breath'd so far :  
But is it Shame so many Toils to close,  
Amuse the Mind, and give the Limbs repose ?  
Reflect ye not, how wretched is the State  
Of mortal Life ; how press'd beneath a Weight  
Of galling Ills, the Soul demands allays  
Of balmy Peace, and Intervals of Ease.

MOREOVER hear, and let my Words remain  
Fix'd in your Minds : I am a King, not vain  
Of titled Pomp and scepter ; 'tis your Part  
Never to dive into your Monarch's Heart,  
But dread, as bending to a present God,  
His sacred Looks, revere his awful Nod :  
Obedience is your Pride, our claim divine  
Supreme Dominion, and our Will our Line :  
Let instant Death unwilling Slaves convince,  
Each murmur is Rebellion to their Prince.

BUT say what Fault, what hainous Crime  
have I  
(To speak on equal Terms) committed? Why ?  
I lov'd incautious ; grant it: first ye feign  
A novel Crime, and of that Crime complain.  
Shall then a Monarch in his youthful Prime,  
A Victor never love without a Crime ?  
Our Customs, Laws and Piety profess  
No such Restraints, such Rigour in Excess.

OUR

IPSE Mahummedes, qui sancta oracula cælo  
Deduxit, puramque fidem mortalibus ægris,  
Divinus vates, post duri prælia martis  
Otia scæmineo vacuus consumpsit amore.  
Quid pretii speret super ignea sidera virtus?  
Quem sequimur finem? perfunctis munere vitæ,  
Egregius deus ipse viris quæ dona rependet?  
Scilicet insignes præstanti corpore nymphas,  
Atque immortalis florentes vere juventæ,  
Halantes per agros, ad aquarum murmura blanda,  
Concentus inter volucrum, viridante sub umbra  
Amplecti dabit, et viventes omne per ævum  
Carpere perpetuâ semper nova gaudia flammâ.

HUJUS at erroris (me si tamen abstulit error)  
Quæ mihi causa fuit, quæ discite, qualis origo,  
Compede qua teneor: quanquam sint ferrea vobis  
Corda quidem, faciles tamen ignoscetis amanti,  
Cernentes faciem, quæ me pulcherrima vicit,  
Auroræ similem, et certantia lumina stellis.

Aspicite

OUR pious Chief, who from the sacred Shrine,  
From Heav'n reveal'd his Oracles divine,  
And wholesome Faith to sickly Souls, from Arms  
Releas'd, enjoy'd his Paradise of Charms  
In Holidays of Ecstasy. What Prize  
Can Virtue hope above the starry Skies ?  
What End pursue we ? What proportion'd  
Meeds

Shall God confer on Heros for their Deeds ?  
Through fragrant Meadows, by the Murmurs  
bland

Of cooling Streams among the feather'd Band  
Of woodland Warblers, under verdant Shades,  
To sport in Dalliance with angelic Maids  
Of perfect Form incomparable, gay,  
And flush'd with Beauty's ever-blooming May,  
To live, to roll in raptur'd Love's Abyss,  
And with fresh Flames imbibe immortal Bliss.

BUT of this Error know the cause, the Source  
(If such an Error could misguide my Course)  
Bound as I am and to a Captive Dame,  
Your Hearts, tho' steely, must absolve my Flame ;  
When ye behold that Face, divinely fair,  
Which soft-subdu'd me with attractive Air,  
That Face, which speaks her Daughter of the  
Skies,  
With ruby Lips and Star-enamell'd Eyes :

Ob-

Qui decor incessûs ! quæ celsæ gratia frontis !  
Aspicite ; atque meum, si fas, reprendite crimen.

Hæc fatus, velum detraxit ab ore puellæ ;  
Eminus illa stetit, clarâ sub luce videnda.  
Qualis ubi, spissâ dudum sol conditus umbrâ,  
Aureus emergit, tandem caligine pulsâ,  
Splendidior : ridet diffuso numine cælum,  
Ingentemque globum lætanti lumine vestit.  
Non aliter, posito velamine, regia proles  
Extulit os roseum, solioque refulsit ab alto.  
Attonitæ stupuere acies, avidosque tuendo  
Infixæ pascunt oculos, tacitæque perrerrant  
Quam faciem ! quali cum majestate venustam !  
Atque genas, divâ dignas, ac lactea colla,  
Perque humeros niveos et eburnea pectora, lent  
Ludentes vento, capitis nigrantis honores.

INDE, repentino quum primum erepta stupore  
Libera mens rediit, tollunt ad fidera plausus  
Sponte suâ, dignamque fatentur crimine formam.

Observe her graceful Port, her Front sublime,  
And then arraign, if possible, my Crime.

HE said, and sudden from her Face withdrew  
The Veil ; she stood expos'd to public View,  
As when the golden Sun, whom late the Shroud  
Of Darkness mantled, from the bursted Cloud  
Emerges brighter ; with a lucid Robe  
Smile the broad Skies, and gladden all the Globe.  
The Nymph unveil'd thus eminently shone,  
With rosy Cheeks refulgent from her Throne.  
The ravish'd Bands, astonish'd with Surprise,  
Infatiate gazing, feast their eager Eyes,  
And silent run enamour'd o'er her Face,  
What Face ! Adorn'd with what Majestic Grace !  
Her dimpled Cheeks, which might a Goddess  
deck,  
With living Purple pure, her milky Neck,  
And raven Locks, which wanton'd, as they  
press'd  
Her Snowy Shoulders, and her Iv'ry Breast.

BUT when their Minds, with dumb Amaze  
intent, [Vent,  
At length were free to give their Thoughts a  
They loud extoll her Beauties, and declare  
The Trespas venial for a Form so fair.

HE

CONSTITIT, atque diu trux agmina circum-  
spexit,

Terribiles volvens oculos; tum luridus atris  
Insidiis, irisque ferox, dextraque loquaci  
Murmura compescens, torvo sic edidit ore :  
Jam satis est ; ficto me crimine solvitis uno  
Ore omnes : talem quis princeps abnuat ? illam  
Victricem quis non agnosceret ? æthere vates  
Ipse ingens avidis vix talem amplectitur ulnis.  
Es, fateor, mihi jure tuo carissima, voltu  
Æmula cælicolis, animi neque dotibus impar,  
Irene, mea lux, regum certissima proles :  
Non solis radii, non vitæ carior ipse  
Spiritus hic, non, qui nutrit præcordia, sanguis :  
Est tamen his radiis, est vitæ carior aurâ  
Gloria, et invidiâ tandem laus bellica major :  
Nec frangent molles animum, ne fingite, curæ.  
Quid quod amem ? tamen et Rex sum, Bellator  
et Heros.

Forfan

HE stands, he pauses, round him as they rise,  
Surveys the Troops, and rolls his baleful Eyes,  
Then grim with Looks, which visably presage  
Deep, dark Deceits, then impotent of Rage,  
And awing with his Hand their Murmurs loud,  
The turbid Tyrant thus address'd the Croud.  
Enough ! Enough : Your Suffrages at large,  
Acquit your Monarch of the fabled Charge :  
What potent Prince could forfeit such a Prize ?  
Who would not own the Conquests of her Eyes ?  
The mighty Prophet, crown'd with Bliss above,  
Scarce such Embraces in the Folds of Love.  
I must confess, you rule without Controul,  
The just Dominion of my shackled Soul,  
In outward Graces, and in Gifts of Mind,  
A Match for Maidens of Ætherial Kind,  
Divine *Irene*, Lustre of my Days,  
Not dearer are the Sun's all-cheering Rays,  
The Breath of Life not dearer, nor the Blood,  
Which warms this Frame with Heart-reviving  
Flood :

But Glory yet is dearer than those Rays,  
Than Life itself ; more precious is the Praise  
Of warlike Worth establish'd ; nor shall Rest,  
Or Love, unman the Purpose of my Breast.  
What though I love ? I still sustain my Part,  
The King's, the Warrior's, and the Hero's Heart,  
And

Forſan amantem ætas imbellem haud poſtera  
 Fracta meas iterum plorabit Græcia vires, [tradet.  
 Acciduique orbis dominatrix impia Roma :  
 Ecce incenſa ruunt delubra cruceſque profanæ,  
 Et ſimulachrorum crepitat maleſancta ſupellex.

QUIN hæc accipite, et veſtrum cognoscite  
 Regem :

Audebit quicumque meos reprehendere amores,  
 Immemorem carpens famæ, luxuque ſolutum,  
 Quid carâ pro laude geram, quid vindice dextrâ,  
 Molior, aſpiciat, meque inde tremiſcite cuncti.

HÆC ait et ſtringit gladium, raptimque per  
 auras,

Torquet, et obliquo deſcendit turbidus ictu  
 In collum Irenes : Humeris caput illicet almis  
 Exilit abſciſſum, rapiturque volubile tractu :  
 At mutilus prono procumbit corpore truncus,  
 Singultanſque, tremenſque rubentem tramite  
 multo

Tor-

And late Posterity may haply tell,  
I bravely triumph'd, though I lov'd so well.  
Again shall *Greece*, beneath my Rage oppress,  
And impious *Rome*, proud Tyrant of the West,  
Lament their Fates : Lo ! wrapt in Ruin round,  
Her blazing Temples tumble to the Ground ;  
Crosses profane, and Household Stuff, as vile,  
Of crackling Idols crumble in the Pile.

BUT hear my Words, and fully know your  
King,  
Whoever dares with Petulence to sting  
My licens'd Loves, or vilify my Name  
As lost, abandon'd and estrang'd from Fame,  
Let him behold what I shall undertake  
For Praise, dear Praise's everlasting Sake,  
What Fate atchieve with this avengeful Hand,  
All mark, and tremble at my dread Command.

He said, unsheath'd, and rapidly display'd  
Aloft his flaming, unrelenting Blade,  
Then with oblique inevitable Blow  
Descends tempestuous on that Neck of Snow,  
*Irene's* Neck : Fast from her Shoulders fair  
Bounds the dissever'd Head, and whirls in Air ;  
The widow'd Trunk, gash'd with dishonest  
Wound, [Ground,  
Prone falls, and, panting, trembling on the  
From

Torrentem, et vitam pariter cum sanguine fundit  
Luçantem. Subito cadis, heu! Pulcheriina  
dudum

Nympharum, vitreis nequicquam ornata tro-  
phæis,

Regis amor regnique comes sine limite, dextrâ,  
Qua minime decuit, sævæ data victima famæ.

Felix, si sancto jacuisses fida pudori,  
Nobiliore rogo, patriis immerfa ruinis,  
Nec tibi barbarici placuissent Fœdera lecti!

CÆLESTES illi fœdos jam sanguine voltus,  
Pallentesque genas, extinctaque lumine cernunt  
Attoniti, exanguesque metu: Labefacta per ossa  
Horror iit. Siluere diu: mox undique tristic  
Prorupit gemitus, perque agmina vasta cucurrit.

CASIBUS inflecti miserorum insuetus acerbis,  
Horruit ipse ferox crudeli cæde tyrannus,  
Et, furiis odiisque sui pariterque suorum  
Commotus, refugit visum, intolerabile visum.

Mox

From rilling Channels with convulsive Strife,  
Quick disembogues the purple Tide of Life.  
O lately fairest of the Female Train,  
With brittle Trophies dignify'd in vain !  
A Monarch's Mate in absolute Command,  
Alas ! Thou fallest by that faithless Hand,  
That Hand, which least should violate thy Frame,  
A woful Victim to barbarian Fame !  
Happy, hadst thou prefer'd a nobler Bust,  
Thy Country's Ruins for thy Virgin Dust,  
Nor, 'by the Lure of lewd Ambition led,  
Espous'd the Bondage of a *Turkish* Bed !

THAT heav'nly Visage, now with Gore defil'd,  
Those rosy Cheeks, in which the Graces smil'd,  
Clay-cold and pale, those visual Orbs of Light  
They view now set in everlasting Night.

FEAR blanch'd their Looks, and through their  
Bosoms chill'd,  
And Limbs relax'd a sudden Horror thrill'd :  
Speechless they stood, then burst'd piteous  
Moans, [into Groans.  
Wide through the deep Defiles, and lengthen'd

FIERCE as he was, untouch'd with human  
Woes,  
The bloody Tyrant felt some inward Throes ;  
He loathes himself and them with equal Spite,  
And starts abhorrent from the shocking Sight.

E

BUT

Mox famæ redit ardor atrox, iræque tumescunt

Ultrices ; in bella viros rapit, intonat armis  
Horrificis. Asiæ everſæ poſt fata ſupremum  
Europæ occaſum, ſævaſque minatur habenas.

Sic malefidus amor brutique cupidinis ignis  
In fumum et cineres abeunt, mediisq̃ue triumphis

Funera portendunt, cælo ceu ſæpe ſereno  
Flagrantes feralé faces. Medicata ſopore  
Flexanimæ quanquam veneris, ferventior ardet  
Ambitio, et ſceptro tandem votisq̃ue potita  
(Quid ſibi plus vellet regnandi vaſta cupido ?)  
Per ſclerum ſeriem et fictum pietatis honorem,  
Ulterius ruit, et ſitit inſatiabilis æquor  
Sanguineum, martemque trucem, ſtragemque  
nefandam,

F I N I S.

BUT soon the Gust of rabid Fame recoils,  
The swelling Tide of Wrath revengeful Boils.  
He rouses, hurries legionary Swarms  
To War, and Thunders with horrific Arms.  
Fair *Asia* crush'd, he threatens *Europe's* Chains,  
Her final Fall, and arbitrary Reins.

THUS faithless Love and Flames of brutal Lust,  
Flit into Smoke, and moulder into Dust,  
Portending Death, while Triumphs gild the  
Scene,  
Like blazing Comets in a Sky serene.  
Though lull'd on Beauty's downy Lap, returns  
Ambition's Fever, and intenser burns.  
At length (what more would Tyranny require ?)  
Possess of Empire, and its full Desire ;  
Through Crimes, atrocious in successive Rounds,  
And Zeal bely'd, it overleaps all Bounds,  
And Thirsts insatiate for a purple Main  
Of Blood, wide-wasting War, and Mountains  
of the Slain.

The E N D.



